THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS

THE SECOND WIFE.

Through yonder window draped with lace,
The wintry sunbeams fall,
And gild anew the frame that holds
Her portrait on the wall.
I often stand before it here
And marvel at her grace,
But she is dead and gone to dust,
And I am in her place.

She leans toward me in her robe
Of gold-embroidered blue,
With eyes that read my very soul
She looks me through and through.
She gathers all the dying day
Upon her milk-white breast,
Her red lips part, and seem to say:
"He loved me, loved me best!"

Within the shadowy mirror set
Above the mantel high
I turn and see my pallid face,
No stately dame am I.
My childish form is slight and small,
In gray demurely gowned,
The yellow curls above my brow
With simple ribbon bound.

But on the canvas at my side
Her royal figure stands,
With pearls about her lily throat,
And roses in her hands.
"Your beauty wins my jealous heart,
Sweet lips, my love has pressed.
Ah, me! I do not wonder, dear,
That he should love you best."

Upon the lonely hilltop, crowned
With mournful pines a-row,
Her headstone to the rising moon
Is gleaming from the snow;
And down the long and ghastly road
Between his two young brides—
The living and the dead—apace
My lover-husband rides.

His steed is stamping on the stone,
His hand is on the door,
I hear the music of his feet
Along the marble floor;
I run to meet his kiss and hide
My face upon his breast—
"The queenly dead—she loves you well,
But I shall love you best!"

—Minna Irving, in N. Y. Mercury.

MY LAST SWIM AT SEA.

Hair-Breadth Escape from the Jaws of a Shark.

I can not recollect ever learning to swim. I swam naturally, and in boyhood was almost as much at home in as out of the water. Diving, an art in general only acquired by long practice, was to me easy from the beginning. My skill in aquatic sports passed into a proverb, and now that years have passed and I have reached middle life, the renown of my boyhood's feats cling to me yet in my native place.

But I am a swimmer no more; the love that was so strong has given place to such a loathing hate and horror of the water that when I think of it a cold shudder comes over me until the tide of thought is turned. An adventure in tropical waters was the cause of this.

It happened thus: I was on my second voyage. The ship lay becalmed amid the Molucca islands on the passage for China. It was near mid-day in the forenoon watch. The sun's hottest rays were pouring down upon the deck with scorching violence, and vainly did I seek for some cool spot where momentary comfort, at least, could be found. The panting, half-nude forms of the crew were spread out beneath the shade of a canvas drawn over the forecastle capstan, which they tried to persuade themselves yielded some shelter from the heat. Above, not a cloud could be seen in the broad blue expanse of the sky, which seemed a heated caldron turned above us. Against it the stately spars and heavy white sails swayed with the roll of the ship in royal idleness and majesty.

Too hot to work or to read, uneasy, praying for a breeze which it seemed would never come, I lounged about the deck vainly seeking relief from my discomfort. Gazing over the side down into the deep blue waste beneath, my eye sought some object by which to note the vessel's progress, however slow it might be, but nothing could I see save water, dark and unfathomable. The polished coppered side of the ship shone brightly out upon the surface for a few feet, and as I gazed upon its quivering beauty, and remarked how very still we lay, the thought struck me: "What a chance for a swim!" What a relief from all this broiling, sweltering, oven-like heat.

To think was to act. I turned to the boys.

"Here John! Billy! Jimmy! Let's go in swimming. Never was such a chance!" cried I, springing down from the rail. "Let's sling the ladder over from the fore-chains so we can get up the side easily, and we'll have a good time; she isn't moving a bit; come, bear a hand, and let's see who'll be overboard first."

The ship's officers made no objection, and I was quickly joined by four or five of my shipmates, each as anxious as myself for something to vary the monotony. The fore-hatch ladder was quickly slung and lashed to the side, and we stripped to go in. The rest of the crew had gathered upon the top-gallant forecastle to watch our antics. Only one old fellow, an inveterate growler known as "Briton," cautioned us as he took his seat near the rail:

"You young rascals had better keep out of the water or the sharks 'll gobble up some of you. There's plenty of 'em round for all you don't see 'em."

"Oh, you're always croaking, you web-footed old barnacle-back!" cried Billy Dipton, mounting the rail and poising himself for a plunge. "We never can do any thing but you must throw cold water on it."

"Oh, go ahead! go ahead! I don't care what you do; you're not obliged to take my advice, but if you were a son of mine you'd not go overboard in these waters," growled Briton.

"Well, as I'm not your son, and as you don't care what I do, here goes!" said Billy, and suiting the action to the word, he sprang lightly to the rail, glanced in mid-air for an instant and the next was buried fathoms deep in the liquid blue. Rising quickly to the surface with a shake of his curly head to clear his sight of the water which dripped from his hair, he gave an encouraging cheer to the rest and struck boldly out from the vessel's side.

Emboldened by his confidence, several more began taking off their clothes to join the merry band who were soon tumbling about under the bow or splashing water up at the lookers-on above. I was delayed through having to put some guys to the ladder, until some seven or eight had gone over the side. Their shouts and laughter and the fear that I was losing half the fun hastened my movements, as throwing my clothing into my bunk I ran out and clambered into the fore-chains for a dive. As I paused a moment to take breath and cool my perspiring body slightly before going in, I looked down upon the merry scene of which I had been the chief instigator.

Below me, clinging with one hand to some ropes' ends thrown over to them, and actively spattering water upon each other, were two of the less experienced swimmers. Further on toward the bow were three or four others more expert, who were vying with one another in feats and pranks; diving under each other, catching hold of feet and pulling some other down, and ducking one another unawares.

Away out, some hundred yards or more, Billy Dipton was leisurely swimming about, rolling over and over porpoise-fashion, floating and enjoying himself hugely. As soon as he saw me ready to dive he called to me to join him and see how handsome the ship looked from a distance.

"Stay where you are, Billy, and see if I can't 'fetch you' before I rise," I cried, raising my hands above my head for the plunge.

"All right," cried Bill, treading water; "I shan't move. Come ahead."

Overboard I went, several of the lookers-on expressed their doubts as to any one's ability to swim so far under water, and watching my progress the while. A cheer greeted my appearance at the surface where I rose beyond him. Crying to me that he could beat that, Billy struck out for the ship to prove his words.

He soon gained the chains and jokingly calling to me that he believed I had doubled the distance by going farther out, took in his breath and shot overboard like an arrow. So cleanly did he enter the water that the slightest possible ripple ruffled the surface of the deep as it closed over him. I waited with watchful eyes for his reappearance. I expected to see him rise between me and the ship, for the distance was so great that it had taxed my own powers, and I thought I had him beaten.

Even as I was thinking this a cheer from the forecastle warned me that he had come up, and turning my head I beheld him some five or six yards beyond me, a cheery smile upon his face and his head cocked on one side as if to say: "Beat that, my boy!"

Without a word I struck out to the vessel again, not a little vexed at being outdone, and determined to go so far outside him next time as to deter him if possible from trying again to beat me.

Reaching the ship I clambered up the side and took my place in the upper chains ready for the plunge. The captain and mate being doubtless as hard pushed for amusement as we poor fellows forward, were leaning over the quarter-rail and watching our sport with interest.

"Go it, Gus!" cried John Butler, as he climbed out of the water to get a better view. "Beat him this time so he won't want to try again." Then as he surveyed the distance at which Billy lay, he added: "My stars, but that's a long dive! eh, Briton?" turning to the old sailor who had warned us against going into the water.

"Yes," returned he, "a deal too long. If John Shark was to come along now, what chance would Billy have to get on board? The old man must be loony to let you youngsters go into the water in such a shark's paradise as this. If I had my way I'd masthead the whole bilin' of you."

"Go it, you old growl you!" retorted John. "I suppose you never had a swim in your life, and now you're too old. You've got the rheumatism yourself, and you don't want to see anybody else enjoy themselves. Talk about sharks when you're where they are. We haven't seen one since we got among the islands, and I'm blest if I think there are any hereabouts."

Standing there in the chains, with one hand upon the sheer-pole already to let go and plunge, I heard Briton's remark and John's reply. Something in the old fellow's manner struck me more than the former warning had, and as I listened to John's answer, I could not help feeling that the older sailor had all the reason on his side. The swimmers had begun to come on board and dress. I almost made up my mind to stay on board, and yield the palm of diving to Billy.

But they were all watching me, and pride whispered: "Pshaw! Don't show the white feather now! There are no sharks about. It won't take three minutes to get outside where Billy is, and swim back to the ship. Then you needn't go in again."

Still I hesitated, while my shipmates waited to see what I would do.

"Never mind," thought I; "let 'em wait. I'll stay on board the ship."

I turned to call Billy in. Before I could speak he sang out to me: "Come, Gus, I'm tired of waiting! If you're going to give it up, say so, and I'll come out. I've been in long enough."

That settled it. "Give it up? Never!" thought I, the whole current of my feelings changing at the tone of his banter, and, suiting the action to the thought, I made ready to dive. I drew in my breath, and gathered for the plunge. In another moment I should have been overboard. I was in the very act of springing, when the startling cry of "A shark! a shark!" came from the forecastle.

"Come out of the water, all! Come out, Billy! Hurry, there's no time to lose!" cried half a score of voices. Most of the few men still in the water were close beside the vessel. They crowded to the ladder, and scrambled up in great haste and excitement.

For me the cry came just in time. I grasped a shroud and saved myself from going overboard, though I had already gained such headway that my body swung clear of the side before I could regain my footing in the chains.

Once secure, I looked down for my shipmates, too anxious for their safety to think at that moment of the peril I had been in myself. The last swimmer, save Billy, had gained the ladder, his feet just clear of the water, as round the bow, with silent speed, came the monster of whose presence old Briton had given such timely warning.

He swam close to the surface, his sinuous tail gently waving from side to side, and the unfailing pilot-fish at their stations on either side of his dorsal fin, and just ahead of his nose. His small, vicious eyes glanced upward at the ladder, and he seemed to say as plainly as if he spoke: "Aha, it's well for you chaps you made yourselves scarce! A little more, and I would have had one of you!"

Had I dived as I intended I should have struck directly in his path. He seemed unaware of Billy's being still in the water, for his attention had been first called to those nearer to the ship.

The mate and all who could were hard at work lowering one of the quarter boats, and shouting to Billy to keep off and not come any nearer the vessel. With much presence of mind he obeyed, rolling on his back and floating as lightly as possible upon the surface. Several hands had rushed to the forecastle and galley for bits of beef or pork with which to try to coax the shark to remain alongside until their shipmate could be picked up.

The shark nosed at the various tidbits thrown out to him, but he seemed mistrustful, and to have an idea that we were trying to hoodwink him. He still, however, remained by the ship.

The boat was down, and pulling rapidly toward the boy, when the noise of the oars attracted the shark. He at once set off toward her and followed in the wake. Then began our worst suspense. If he kept behind the boat Billy might be reached in time; but if he should put forth his speed and pass her, there could be no hope of saving him.

"Lie still, Billy!" shouted the captain, as he wrung his hands, deploring his carelessness in permitting us to go into the water at all. "Lie just as still as you can, or you are lost!"

It was but a short pull, but the time seemed long as the men gave way with a will. Behind the swiftly moving boat, and keeping pace with her motion, a dark-pointed fin cleaves the water. A moment more and the boat is by the swimmer, her bow gradually turning away as she nears him. The fin draws closer in her wake. As the boat swings within reach a man rises in the bow, and, leaning over, grasps the terrified boy by the hand, while the mate loudly shouts: "Hold water, all!"

The boat's way is stopped, and Billy is being drawn in over the bow. An exultant cheer rises from the ship, where, breathless with suspense, all hands are watching the terrible race.

The rejoicing comes too quick! High above the cheer is heard a shriek that none who hear ever forget. The fin has passed around the boat's stern, and instantly there is a sudden and fearful commotion alongside. As Billy is being lifted into the boat the shark so long deluded and misled sees him. He is then scarcely twenty feet distant. With a lightning-like dart he rushes upon his prey just as he is almost clear from the water.

Horror! He has his victim!

No!

He has missed the body by a hair's breadth, but has caught the calf of Billy's leg, from which, not quite grasping the bone, he has torn half the flesh and nearly dragged him from the hold of his rescuers. With this he sinks beneath the waves, the boat's crew driving at his tough carcass with oars and boat-hooks, but making no impression.

The boat was quickly alongside the ship, and Billy, limp as a rag and bleeding, passed on board. He had fainted as soon as taken from the water, and just as the shark seized him. Carrying him into the cabin, his wound was dressed, and restoratives applied which brought him to life once more. Not for several weeks did he fully regain his senses, and it was many months before his leg was well enough to admit of his walking.

Billy sailed the deep until he went, years ago, to his long account. It is needless to say that while he lived he never tempted the sharks by undertaking swimming exploits in salt water. For myself, I have not swam since that day when I was on the point of leaping into the jaws of a shark.—Clarence Pullen, in Youth's Companion.

HATCHING MUSCALONGE.

Artificial Propagation of the Big Game Proved to Be Possible.

The progress of modern fish culture is no more aptly shown than by an experiment in the artificial hatching of muscalonge which was successfully accomplished at Chautauqua Lake last spring. Although shad and trout have been hatched in large quantities by artificial means, all experiments with muscalonge had before this been failures. The work was done under the direction of the New York State Fish Commission, with the object of artificially propagating the fish and stocking the lakes in the interior of the State with them.

The experiment took place at Jamestown on the lake, and was commenced in the latter part of last April. Mr. Jonathan Mason, an assistant at the Caledonia hatchery, and a fish culturist of many years experience, was dispatched by Mr. Seth Green on April 23. He at once commenced operations at the lake, and was assisted by Mr. Eleazer Green, a resident of Jamestown, who has taken great interest in the artificial propogation of muscalonge. A seine was employed to catch the mature fish. After considerable difficulty about a dozen muscalonge ranging in weight from six to nine pounds were caught. From a six-pound female about 2,000 eggs in good condition were first obtained, then, on the following day, 60,000 eggs obtained from a sixteen-pound female and 40,000 from two other females.

The spawn was placed in hatching boxes and kept in still water over night. The next day it was taken across the lake to Southlands creek, where there was a little current. The temperature of the water ranged from 50 to 55 deg. most of the time, but fell as low as 45 deg. and rose as high as 65 deg. before the experiment was finished. The formation of the fish in the eggs could be seen on the fifth day, and the fry commenced hatching on the eleventh day. On the twelfth day the eggs hatched rapidly, and by night it was estimated that 60,000 young muscalonge were hatched.

A number of them were taken to the Caledonia hatchery, where they were examined with a microscope daily. They were three-eighths of an inch in length when hatched. They showed no movement of the gills or signs of breathing until they were nine days old, but the heart action and the circulation of the blood were seen to be strong and vigorous. They are helpless little creatures, and lay so quiet for hours at a time that one would think they were dead. When nine days old they showed signs of life. They were then half an inch in length, and the yelk sack, which is of good size when they are hatched, was two-thirds absorbed. At fifteen days old the yelk sack is entirely absorbed and the fish commence looking for food.

LUCKY INVENTORS.

Fortunes That Have Been Realized from the Sale of Trifles.

The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has yielded 20,000 pounds. A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that th inventor of the metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over 200,000, pounds, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him 400,000 pounds in United States bonds. Upward of 2,000 pounds a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived, or for which large sums have been paid. Few inventions pay better than popular patented toys. A clergyman realized 100 pounds a week by the invention of a strange little plaything to be seen for a long time in every toy-shop window, and even in the streets of London. That favorite American toy, the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic attached—yielded the patentee an income equal to 10,000 pounds a year, and an income of no less than 15,000 pounds per annum to the inventor of the "dancing Jim Crow." The invention of "Pharaoh's serpents," a toy much in vogue some years ago, was the outcome of some chemical experiments and brought the inventor more than 10,000 pounds. The sale of the little wooden figure, "John Gilpin," was incredibly large for many years; and a very ingenious toy, known as the "wheel of life," is said to have produced upward of 100,000 pounds profit to its inventor. The field of invention is not only vast and varied, but it is open to every body without respect to sex or age, station or means.—Invention.

MAKING AN ETCHING.

It Is a Delicate Undertaking and Requires a Master-Hand.

No branch of art within the past few years has attracted such universal attention as etching. The art of etching is not, as is popularly supposed, a new invention, but the revival of an art in which Rembrandt and Albert Durer exceled. The process by which an etching is made is both delicate and difficult. It is accomplished by coating a copper plate with a preparation of wax, upon which the artist traces with a sharp instrument, called the needle or point, the lines of his picture. The plate is then immersed in acid, which eats into the lines laid bare by the needle, and the acid bath is repeated. The lines when sufficiently bitten are stopped up with fine French varnish. This process has been repeated more than fifty times in some plates before the proper effect of light and shade was obtained. Etching is really a drawing on a plate, thus giving the genuine work of the artist as much effect as in an oil painting. It is this absolute quality of art possessed by etchings, as distinguished from the purely mechanical methods of engraving, which gives to them their value. The ink used in printing is thick; the plate is warmed by placing it on a heated marble slab so that the ink will flow freely enough to fill up all the lines. After inking the plate is rubbed clean, leaving the ink only in the lines, except where certain effects of light and shade may be desired, not represented by the lines. These can be obtained by the skill of the printer, who can produce beautiful effects by his manipulation of the ink upon the plate. There is a great difference in plates in this respect, some requiring much more skill to print than others. After the plate is ready the paper, having first been dampened, is placed on it and then covered with felt. The press consists of an iron bed, perfectly true and level, for the plate to rest on, and an iron roller which passes over the plate, exerting great pressure, so that the paper is forced into the lines of the plate. After each impression the plate is cleaned and inked again, and the same process gone through with, so that the printing of etchings can not be hurried. To insure uniformity, a sample print is before the printer to look at. This is either printed by the etcher or superintended by him. So great is the skill required to properly print etchings that less than half a dozen printers in the country have won a reputation as being first-class. Etchings are quite expensive, and often bring as high as $1,000.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

PROPER STATIONERY.

Hints for Ladies Who Desire to Keep Up with the Times.

In stationery a plain white paper or one in English blue are preferred for all social correspondence. The house address of the writer is stamped on the top of the page, usually in the center. The initials or a monogram are used to some extent, but the house address is preferred to either. The envelope is left plain. The fashionable size of the note-paper which is used for letters is about five inches wide by seven and three-quarters in length. This may be folded twice and a long envelope used, or once for a large square envelope. Paper for notes is about half an inch narrower and over an inch shorter. This size is folded once for a square envelope. Billet-sized note, which is reserved for notes of acceptance and regret, is about three-quarters of an inch narrower than the last size and an inch and a half shorter. This small paper is never folded but once, fitting the tiny square billet envelope. The large, square English shape visiting card is preferred by ladies. The regular size for a married ladies' card is about three and a quarter inches by two and a quarter; an unmarried ladies' card is about a quarter of an inch smaller in length and width. Visiting cards are now invariably engraved in script on fine unglazed card board, usually with the address in the left-hand corner. Ladies who have a large number of acquaintances usually keep a visiting list book. These are furnished this season in handsome crushed leather, mounted with old silver. Sets of card cases in regular size and small pocket books in the new square shapes, which are scarcely three inches long by two inches in width, are shown in crushed leather in different dark colors; shades of brown, dark blue and green being preferred. They are mounted with old silver, a spray, rose vine, or some leafy pattern being wrought across the corner of the book. These are $7. Larger pocket-books for the ladies are nearly double the size of those described, and such port-monnaies begin in price at about $5, when mounted in silver. Exceedingly pretty card cases are shown in plush, decorated with fleur-de-lis in old gold and silver metal, and bound in metal in "renaissance" style. Silver or gold card cases are shown by jewelers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A woman seventy years old has taken out a patent for a sewing-machine needle that does not need threading. There is a beveled slot in one side of the eye through which the needle slips. It seems very simple, and all who have seen it wonder why nobody thought of it before.

—Arkansas has received the honorable mention of showing the greatest number and best varieties of seedling apples before the Illinois Horticultural Society. That State won the same award at New Orleans, Boston and Riverside, Cal.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and dark places.

—To keep potatoes from sprouting pour boiling water over them. It does not injure them for cooking.

—Tinware is best washed in soda and water. It can be scoured with care, yet if kept clean from day to day it seldom need come to scouring, which process wears it out quickly.

—Clean out the seeds of beans, beets and peas and put them in woolen bags, with a small piece of gum camphor in each bag. Hang the bags in a dry place, and occasionally shake them up during the winter.

—Don't think it is time wasted to prepare a few kindlings and lay them behind the stove with paper every night. Then, if any one is taken ill during the night, and a fire is needed, it is only a moment's work to get it.

—A teaspoonful of guano, added to two gallons of water, and the mixture used for sprinkling potted plants, will keep them in good condition during the winter. The pots should have good drainage below, and should be placed where the frost can not injure the plants.

—The temptation to borrow fallen leaves from the woodland is great; but the trees need all of this fertility, this reservoir of moisture, this natural covering for the seeds, this protection for the young sprouts. The wise forester will leave the leaves in the woods.—American Garden.

—Eggs which are to be broken into water, should not be broken into boiling water, as the motion destroys their shape, but let the water be as hot as possible without boiling, and let them stand several minutes on the back of the stove. They will then be soft but firm all through.

—Imitation Plum Pudding.—Soak dried apples until very soft, then chop fine and to each teacupful add two teacupfuls molasses, one teacupful each of chopped suet, seeded raisins and water; two eggs, a pinch of salt, three pints of flour, one teaspoonful cinnamon and two teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix thoroughly, putting flour in last. Roll in a floured cloth and boil two to three hours. To be eaten with a hot lemon sauce.

—One acre of a farm devoted to garden crops will provide a large variety. It is important to get the one acre in condition and have it rich. Plow it now and spread plenty of fine manure (not litter) on it, and then plow it again early in the spring. By this method the worms and grubs will be destroyed and the frost will pulverize the clods. The manure will also be rendered more soluble, while the ground will be warmer in the spring and better adapted for the early crops.

—It is a foolish habit that some anxious parents have of discussing the health of delicate children in the children's presence. The Christian Union says: "A physician, speaking out of a deep and practical mind, said: 'If you hear a mother refer to her daughter as nervous in the daughter's presence, if you can not speak, glare at her, but if you can speak, say, "Madam, your conversation would make a wooden girl nervous, to say nothing of a flesh-and-blood young person like your daughter."' "

A HEALTHFUL DRINK.

One of the Products of the Dairy Whose Value Is Not Appreciated.

Buttermilk is one of the products of the dairy that has a value not appreciated by those who can not be induced to try it in different ways. Most men know how it is sometimes used to good advantage in making cheese, while all use it more or less as a food for pigs and calves. With the latter it often does more harm than good, because it is not fed with judgment. As a food, or rather a drink for human beings it is most excellent, except with a few for whom it has objectionable qualities. The trouble with getting people to drink it is one simply of fashion or custom. In the South buttermilk drinking is so common that on a large plantation before the war it was fun to see the women carry the pails of it to feed to the pigs when troops of little negro children would swarm around her and insist that their little stomachs be filled before the pigs got their share. On the tables of the rich down there this same buttermilk is drawn with the glass half filled with the richest cream, and is thus considered a princely drink. In the large cities at the North it is becoming quite the fashion to drink buttermilk in warm weather, so that now all restaurants in summer have it on sale, or at least they claim to, but we are sorry to say it is the poorest stuff that was ever called by that name and is evidently made of nothing but sour skim milk. The best of buttermilk for drinking purposes is made from rather sour cream and the butter gathered in the old-fashioned way in the churn, so that there is considerable butter left in the milk. Remember we are writing about buttermilk and not about the best way to make butter. Unfortunately good buttermilk and good butter making do not go hand in hand. They are not even good friends, for one must of necessity be robbed in order to enrich the other.—American Dairyman.

Complimenting the Press.

Guest (registering his name and address, "Lee Davis Jackson, editor Paralyzer, Hunker's Hollow, Ark.")—You compliment the press, I presume?

Hotel clerk—Compliment the press? Certainly. You write a beautiful hand, sir. You do, indeed. Guests without baggage are required to pay in advance. Four dollars, please, Mr. Jackson.—Chicago Tribune.